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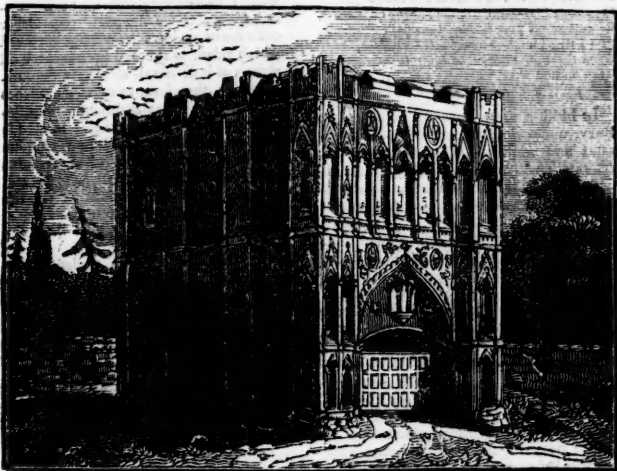
SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1827.

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Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. IX.

THE ABBEY, BURY ST. EDMUND'S.



THE monastery of St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk, has been generally supposed to have exceeded, in magnificent buildings, splendid decorations, important privileges, valuable immunities, and ample endowments, all other ecclesiastical and monastic establishments in England, Glastonbury alone excepted. Leland, who lived when the abbey was in its full prosperity, and may be supposed to have seen it in its greatest splendour, says, "that the monastery itself is a town;" and from the time of king Sigbercht, in 638, to the year 1486, when the town was honoured with the presence of Henry VII. in his progress through Norfolk and Suffolk, the abbey gained a great accession of wealth and power, celebrity and consequence. In the year 903, the church was rebuilt, as it became the receptacle of the famed St. Edmund's body, a king and martyr, whose name to this day stands in the church of England calendar and almanacs. The ecclesiastics, who devoted themselves, at that time, to the monastic life, under the protection of the royal saint and mar-

tyr, increased in number, and were incorporated into a college of priests about the year 925. The celebrity of the shrine of St. Edmund, through whose agency many extraordinary miracles were declared to have been performed, procured numerous gifts and oblations; and hence these wonder-working fooleries eminently increased the wealth and consideration of the abbey of St. Edmund's Bury.

The abbey of Bury, in Shakspeare's *King John* and *Second Part of Henry VI.*, is frequently alluded to; and the scenes in the neighbourhood, which to the present day, by masses of tumuli, bear evidence of the severe battles there sustained, are as faithfully laid down by the "great bard of Avon." In act iv. scene iii. of *King John*, mention is first made of the town of Bury, which was then the seat of parliament:

"Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time."

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'Again :—

" *Big.* Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there!

Fem. There, tell the king he may inquire us out." [Exeunt Lords.]

Scene iv. act v. : thus :—

" *Melin.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith,
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love."

In 1446, a parliament was convened at Bury, under the influence of queen Margaret and cardinal De Beaufort, the inveterate enemy of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle. The real object for assembling the parliament was to bring the duke to a mock trial, and cause his destruction, which deed was perpetrated by William de la Pole, marquis of Suffolk, the queen's favourite, in an apartment of St. Saviour's hospital, an appendage to the abbey. The whole subject of the third act of the *Second Part of King Henry VI.* narrates these proceedings, and it must suffice us to refer the reader to the entire scenes of Shakespeare, in lieu of our giving extracts. We now hasten to give the present appearance of this celebrated monastery.

The western gate, which our engraving beautifully and accurately represents, is in height about 62 feet, in length 50, and in breadth 41. It formed the grand entrance to the abbey, and is the only relic that attests the splendour of this truly magnificent establishment. Of this venerable structure, the materials and workmanship were so excellent, that, without the protection of a roof, and without the aid of repairs, it is yet in a state of preservation almost perfect. The original entrance to the abbey having been destroyed, in a violent assault, made in the year 1327, by the inhabitants of the town, the present gate, which opened into the great court-yard, in front of the abbot's palace, was erected upon a plan combining utility with ornament, and elegance with defence. The architecture is of the best period of that style which is generally termed Gothic. The composition is judicious and harmonious. In the western front, richness of design predominates; in the eastern, an elegant simplicity. The embellishments, arranged with taste, and executed with sharpness and precision, are much more numerous than those

which appear in earlier specimens. They are not, however, in such extravagant profusion as the later and more florid style which prevailed in the reigns of Henry VI. and VII. presented.

MOURNING.

[Our respected correspondent, *F. R. Y.*, has favoured us with the following article, which will doubtless be perused with a melancholy interest by the numerous readers of the MIRROR. Other contributions have also been received which relate to the sad event which all classes of individuals so deeply deplore. In order, therefore, to meet the wishes of our friends, we publish a Supplement with the present sheet, in which will be found accurate and copious details of the ceremonial of the remains of his royal highness lying in state, and anecdotes and recollections of the life of the duke of York.—Ed.]

(For the Mirror.)

MOURNING, among the ancients, was expressed by very different signs, as by tearing their clothes, weeping sackcloth, laying aside crowns and the other emblems of honour; thus Plutarch, in his life of Cato, relates, that from the time of his leaving the city with Pompey, he neither shaved his head, nor, as usual, wore the crown or garland. A public grief was sometimes testified by a general fast. Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained by law for women who had lost their husbands. In public mournings, the shops of Rome were shut up; the senators laid aside their laticlavian robes, the consuls sat in a lower seat than usual, and the women put aside all their ornaments. The ancients had a remarkable way of mourning for soldiers slain in battle; the whole army attended the funeral solemnities, with their arms and shields turned upside down.

The mournings of the eastern nations of Indians are much more closely followed, though of much shorter duration than ours. After the death of a near relation, they mourn fifteen days, during which time they eat nothing but rice and water; they are not to chew betel, or to use the common washings; but are to perform acts of charity, such as distributing food to the poor; and prayers are said, entreating the Almighty to forgive the sins of the deceased, and to assign him a good place in the other world. On the sixteenth day, when the mourning is ended, they make a solemn feast, according to their abilities, and invite to it all their friends and neighbours. After this

they annually, on the same day, give food to the poor, and renew their prayers for the happiness of the dead person.

The colours of the dress or habit worn to signify grief are different in different countries. In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is black; in China, it is white, a colour that was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies; in Turkey, it is blue, or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown; and kings and cardinals mourn in purple. Every nation and country gave a reason for their wearing the particular colour of their mourning: black, which is the privation of light, is supposed to denote the privation of life; white is an emblem of purity; yellow is to represent, that death is the end of all human hopes, because this is the colour of leaves when they fall, and flowers when they fade; brown denotes the earth, to which the dead return; blue is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys; and purple, or violet, is supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope.

At the time of the invasion of Peru, by the Spaniards, the inhabitants of that country wore it of a mouse colour. Amongst the Japanese, white is the sign of mourning, and black of rejoicing. In Castile, mourning vestments were formerly of white serge. The Persians clothed themselves in brown, and they, their whole family, and all their animals, were shaved. In Lycia, the men wore female habiliments, during the whole time of their mourning. At Delos, they cut off their hair; the Egyptians tore their bosoms, and covered their faces with mud, wearing cloth of the colour of yellow, or of dead leaves. The full mourning of the Jews continues for a year, and takes place upon the death of parents. Children do not put on black, but are obliged to wear, during the whole year, the clothes they had on at the death of their father, let them be ever so tattered. They fast on the anniversary of his death every year. Second mourning lasts a month, and takes place on the demise of children, uncles, and aunts. During that period they neither wash, shave, nor perfume themselves, nor even cut their nails. They do not eat in common with the family, and the husband and his wife live separately. Slight mourning continues only for a week, and is worn on the decease of a husband, or of a wife. On returning from the funeral obsequies, the husband, wearing his mourning habits, washes his hands, uncovers his feet, and seats himself on the ground, remains in the same posture and continues to groan and weep, without

paying attention to any occupation, until the seventh day. The Chinese, during the first year of mourning, wear coarse white linen; the second year, their clothes are something better, and the third year, they are allowed to wear white silk. Three years a widow mourns for the death of a husband; and the man one year for his wife, and one for a brother. The magistrate no longer exercises his functions, the counsellor suspends his suits, and husbands and wives, as with Jews, live apart from each other. Young people live in seclusion, and cannot marry till the end of three years. In Poland, when a woman of quality mourns, she wears a coarse black stuff; her linen is not much finer than canvass; and the greater the quality of the deceased, the coarser are the mourning weeds.

The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Mahomet. In Turkey, the women rend the air with their cries, which are continued with few intermissions till the interment, which, however, takes place with all convenient speed and relieves the survivors from this troublesome and melancholy task. The men indeed wear no mourning for their deceased friends, nor express any regret at their departure, considering death as a dispensation of Providence, which ought to be submitted to without murmuring. The Mingrelians mourn for their dead with loud and doleful lamentations, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and even wounding their flesh; the men shave their heads and beards, and rend their clothes. And this mourning lasts forty days, during all which time the body remains unburied. The Abyssinians mourn for the dead many days; beginning their lamentations with the morning, and continuing them till night, when the nearest relations and friends of the deceased assemble at the grave, together with several female hired mourners, who join the solemnity with shrieks, all clapping their hands, smiting their breasts, and uttering the most doleful and pathetic expressions of grief. When a person of ordinary rank dies who is a native of Guinea, his friends and neighbours set up a loud cry round the corpse, carrying it into the open air, and asking it the cause of its death, and whether it perished through the want of food, or from the effects of necromancy—a superstition, that one could hardly suppose human nature chargeable with. The term of mourning is six weeks, during which time lamentations are made at the grave every morning and evening.

F. R. Y.

HINTS TO YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is certainly no class of painting which requires more attention to nature than that of portraiture. But from this observation, the young painter may perhaps infer, and very naturally too, that the defects of nature are to be copied as closely as her beauties. It is proper to observe, therefore, that all glaring deformities, if the *air* and *temper* of the person can be known without them, ought invariably to be omitted or corrected, especially in the portraits of young females and children. For example, a large awkward mouth, or a nose somewhat awry, may ever be improved by the skillful painter, who, with due propriety, may deviate considerably from his models, and thus render the likeness, even of a plain person, fascinating. The greatest beauty of a portrait is *likeness*; and its greatest fault is when it resembles a person for whom it was not intended—a fault into which young painters very frequently fall.

Three things must be attended to in painting a portrait; namely, *air*, *colour*, and *attitude*.

Air presents the lines of the face, the drapery, the head-dress, &c. The face principally depends upon the correctness of its drawing, and the nice agreement of all its parts, so that when we view the whole together, we may, without difficulty, be able to recognize the physiognomy of the sitter. Some painters are extremely careless in putting the different parts of a face together, so much so, indeed, that we often see a sad eye, and a laughing mouth, in the same face, which is highly absurd. When a person smiles, the eyes close, the mouth widens, the cheeks expand, and the nostrils turn up; but, on the other hand, if a person assumes a melancholy mood, his features are entirely reversed. The nose, being the most prominent feature in the human face, ought to have great attention paid to it, for if not well drawn, all the other features, however correct in themselves, will contribute but very little to the general likeness. The hair of the head, with the head-ornaments, must be copied closely; for it is by such nice imitation that the artist ensures the approbation of his sitters. Perhaps nothing contributes more to likeness than the shoulders and arms of the sitter; they must, consequently, be accurately drawn. Great care ought also to be taken in placing the head, and in giving the person a proper turn in the neck. The large folds of

drapery require a considerable portion of the painter's care; for a piece of loose drapery thrown over the sitter's shoulders, in a tasteful manner, is an elegant *coup de grace* to the whole of the drawing.

Colour is the most essential part of a portrait; without it the most accurate drawing and the finest attitude would have little effect. There are two great difficulties in colouring, namely, exactness of the tints,* and the best method of setting them off to advantage; the former is surmounted by practice, and the latter by close observation of nature. For specimens of colour, I refer the reader to the *chef d'œuvres* of Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, and Sir J. Reynolds.

Attitude must accord with the age and character of the sitter; an old man, for instance, should appear majestic and commanding, while an old woman ought to possess looks of simplicity and becoming dignity. A young person may always be drawn in *motion*, because a *quiet* attitude would but ill suit that lively cheerfulness which ever predominates in the countenances of blooming youth. In the portraits of young men, nothing like *mauvaise honte* should appear; their countenances should be bold, without, however, having anything like ferociousness in them. In whatever attitude a lady is placed, we should contrive to give her face as little shade as possible, that she may appear the more fascinating to the eyes of the beholder.

The young painter should recollect that *harmony* is the principal desideratum in a portrait, as it is in a subject, or an historical production. If two or more lights be admitted into the same picture, the eye of the spectator naturally wanders from one to another, without finding repose. He must therefore introduce one grand light into his work, and must endeavour not to injure its effect by any secondary ones G. W. N.

* For a full description of the tints necessary for painting a portrait, *vide* the Seventh Volume of the *Mirror*, page 372.

My Common-Place Book.

No. XVI.

Hasty Journal of an Old Fyle who put foot in the Highlands during the summer of 1818.

(Concluded from page 310, vol. viii.)

IT is almost impossible to describe the astonishing effect of the view from the summit of Ben Lomond. I will, how-

ever, attempt to convey to the reader some idea of it.

The Grampian-hills are considered as a grand frontier chain, extending from Loch Lomond to Stonehaven, and forming the southern boundary of the Highlands, though some counties on the north-east of that chain have, in their eastern and northern parts, the name of Lowlands. Gradual is the transition to the Grampian; the first chain, according to creditable writers, consisting of the Sedley-hills on the east, the Ochils in the midst, and the Campay-hills on the west. To the Grampian chain belong Ben Lomond, the height of which is 3,262 feet above the level of the sea; Ben Lawres, the chief summit, 4,015; Shihallion, 3,564; Benvoirlich, 3,300; Ben More, 3,903; Ben Ledi, 3,009; and other minor elevations on the east. Of all the Scottish lakes, the first in extent and beauty is that of Lomond, finely studded with romantic islands, and ornamented with shores of the greatest variety. The depth of this lake in the south is not above 20 fathoms; but the northern creek, near the bottom of Ben Lomond, is from 60 to 80 fathoms. On the east of Lomond are the assemblage of interesting lakes which we had recently visited, and known by the name of the Trossachs, a word signifying *rough or uneven grounds*; the Katrine, the Chruin, the Arol, the Vennachur, the Lubnair, the Achray, were outstretched with their singular and picturesque scenes beneath us. The appellation Trossachs is very applicable to the surrounding hills and rocks. The hills are in strata of coarse slate, generally vertical, and interspersed with veins of quartz. Conspicuous among the many lovely Lochs, was Katrine, crowned with the mountain of Ben Venie. It was a resplendent evening in July when we beheld this magnificent spectacle of nature; the blue mist was sleeping on the sides of the innumerable hills which rose, as it were, above each other, farther than the eye could follow them. The sun had set, but its farewell rays, like unto sheets of burnished gold, still lingered on those towering eminences. Below were the lake and its beautiful islands. The scene was exquisitely placid and glorious; there was stillness above, below, and around us, and we seemed to inhale the atmosphere of another world.

We now commenced our descent. It was a more formidable affair than we expected. One of our party became so extremely exhausted as to be scarcely able to proceed. In short, we lost our road, and became fairly benighted on Ben Lo-

mond. With our excellent friend who suffered so much from weariness, I remained, journeying on very much at our leisure, while the other was despatched as an *avant courier*, to secure beds for us at Rouardennan, and the guide after him to forage for a farm-house, at which we might request the boon of hospitality. The darkness increased, and after considerable bustle, the latter appeared with the joyous intimation of a cottage in view. Thither we bent our course, resolved to sleep there, if possible. On inquiry, we found that one bed only was procurable; however, we went in, and our friend, really ill with fatigue, retired to rest immediately. There was but one room in the hut, and nothing but the bare earth on which to tread; but it would be abundantly absurd for excursion-hunters to be particular.

Up in the morning at ten o'clock, and finding my friend better, we left Ardross, the name of the cottage which had sheltered us for the night, and set off for Rouardennan. No time was lost in catching the steam-boat on the Loch; it enters from the river Leven. The steamer glided up the Loch to Rob Roy's Cave, a distance of three miles from Rouardennan. The day was beautiful and the company numerous. After duly exploring the cave, which is admirably adapted, from its intricate windings, and general appearance of inaccessibility, for the hiding place of an outlaw, we returned and landed at Tarbat; from thence to Arroquhar, the distance does not exceed a mile. To that place we walked, intending to spend the Sabbath there, and hear Mr. Proudfoot, their minister, who was known along the country side by the name of "the godly young man of Arroquhar;" but we were disappointed, as the minister was at Greenock.

Next morning at six o'clock we crossed Loch Long, and proceeded to Cairndow, which is twelve miles from Arroquhar. Cairndow is a pretty place, and has a neat church, whither we repaired, and heard a sermon delivered in Gaelic. In the afternoon we had a little plain English, and were much gratified at the attention of the audience, and the judicious plain good sense of the preacher. But at this small village we found the inn full, and no beds to be procured; it was accordingly Hobson's choice, and we took a boat and sailed down to Inverary.

We now reached the metropolis of the Campbells and Argyleshire. It is charmingly situate on a small bay formed by the union of the river Aray with Lochfine. Here we have a castle, a modern structure, its form quadrangular, and a round

tower at each corner; in the middle rises a square one glazed on every side to give light to the stair-case and galleries. The rooms are not very striking; but the paintings, chiefly of an ancestral description, are interesting. At three o'clock in the morning we went aboard the *Rothsay Castle* steam-boat, and sailed from Inverary for Glasgow, with a blithesome party. Time would fail me to enlarge upon the delights of our sail.—Enough just to mention that we passed the Isle of Arran, the Kyles of Bute—touched at *Rothsay*, *Gourock*, *Greenock*, and *Port Glasgow*—obtained a good view of *Dumbarton Castle*—and at six o'clock in the evening arrived at the *Broomielaw*, and anon at *Glasgow*. Three days were most pleasantly spent at the latter place, and on the morning of the fourth we travelled in a post-chaise through the interesting and beautiful scenery adjoining *Hamilton*, *Bothwell-Brigg*, &c. for the purpose of surveying the Falls of the Clyde.

The cataract cycled the *Frith of the Clyde*, opposite to *Lanark*, is a great natural curiosity. This noble sheet of water for nearly a mile falls from rock to rock. The first fall at *Stonebyers*, is about sixty feet; the last at *Corra-linn*, is over solid rock, not less than one hundred feet high. At both these places, a grander and more interesting spectacle imagination can hardly conceive. "The falls at *Corra-linn* are seen to most advantage from a ruinous pavilion in a garden, placed in a lofty situation. The cataract is full in view, seen over the tops of trees and bushes, precipitating itself, for an amazing way, from rock to rock, with short interruptions, forming a rude slope of furious foam. The sides are bounded by vast rocks, clothed on their tops with trees; on the summit and very verge of one is a ruined tower, and in front a wood overtopped by a verdant hill. A path conducts the traveller down to the beginning of the fall, into which projects a high rock, in floods insulated by the water; and from the top is a tremendous view of the furious stream. In the cliffs of this savage retreat, the gallant knight of *Elderslie* is said to have concealed himself, meditating revenge for his injured country.

"On regaining the top, the walk is formed near the verge of the rocks, which on both sides are perfectly mural and equi-distant, except where they overhang; the river is pent up between them at a distance far beneath, not running, but rather sliding along a stony bottom sloping the whole way. The summits of the rocks are wooded; the sides smooth

and naked; the strata narrow and regular, forming a stupendous natural masonry. After a walk of above half a mile on the edge of this great chasm, on a sudden, appears the great and bold fall of *Boniton*, in a foaming sheet, far projecting into a hollow, in which the waters exhibit a violent agitation, and a wide extending mist arises from the surface. Above that is a second great fall; two lesser succeed: beyond them the river winds, grows more tranquil, and is seen for a considerable way, bounded on one side by wooded banks, on the other by rich and swelling fields.

"The great fall of *Stonebyers* has more of the horrible in it than any of the others, and is seen with more difficulty; it consists of two precipitous cataracts falling one above the other into a vast chasm, bounded by lofty rocks, forming an amazing theatre to the view of those who take the pains of descending to the bottom."

On sped the vehicle, and dim in the mist of evening appeared the "Modern Athens," the place of our destination; and after a week's pleasant visit to an old tutor, we embarked from *Leith Harbour* with a full canvass and a fair breeze, to *Gravesend*, which place we reached in forty-eight hours.

Tom Tophkin.

The Sketch-Book.

No. XXIX.

MATCH-BREAKING.

"———Thus I weave myself
Into this willow garland—and am prouder
That I have been your love—though now forsaken—
Thou bride to any other."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THERE is in the neighbourhood of Highgate, a little cottage, built in that style so fashionable at present in England—combining all the elegancies of life with an affectation of excelling simplicity. This affectation, however, attaches not to the present inmates of the dwelling—for a more truly simple, estimable, and virtuous family it is not easy to find about London. There is one member of the household in particular, who has frequently attracted the attention of the casual lingerers around the place. This magnet has been set in the form of a young girl, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, with something, perhaps, rather too finished—too perfect in her style of

feature and figure for a suburban cottage beauty. She was a few months since to be seen at all hours of the day, through the vines that clustered around the low parlour window, seated at her tambour-frame—her hair sometimes clustering about her temples—sometimes nursed in paper, like the half-ripened grapes that hung around her—at all times surpassingly beautiful. She is now, however, seldom to be seen—and not seen such as she then was.

The cottage, vines, and improvements, are precisely the same, but the window is now always let down, and the tambour-frame has been removed from its old place to a darker corner of the apartment. The little deity of the retreat is no longer visible—at least, to the nameless pilgrims who used to offer distant worship as they passed slowly along the railing in front of the abode, and these have become fewer and less punctual in their visitations. But at the gray of the morn—and towards the even close—you may observe, gliding along the silent alleys and beautifully wooded lanes with which the neighbourhood abounds—a light attenuated figure, wrapped in a silk cloak, leghorn bonnet, and veil, the ghost of the beauty that was. It is time, however, I should say something of the causes which have led to this change, and give a name as well as a local habitation to the fair cottage dweller. Antiphila she should be—but that's "such a hard word!" as lady Froth says.

Well, then, let my heroine be Helen—precisely because she was most unlike that naughty ancient in character and fortune. She was induced to believe—(whether with or without reason—having the fear of Chalk Farm and *best glazed* before my eyes, I shall not undertake to say,) but she imagined at one time, that little more than the license lay between her and the head of my young friend Darvell's table. And although he and lady P—T—, (a match the most unforeseen of all that were ever made) are now making honeymoon on the banks of the Boorempooter, or some such place in foreign parts, I am inclined to imagine that some idea of the kind frequently mingled itself up with his contemplation.

The first I learned of his acquaintance with this Miss Helen, was on the occasion of his taking leave of her previous to his departure, which took place on the very day and hour of his marriage with lady P—. Darvell was then precisely in that situation of life, which more than all others presents the most powerful temptations, to gentlemen at all predisposed to behave like scoundrels. He was a needy member of a noble house.

I had just laid down the morning paper in which I found an announcement of his approaching marriage and the appointment accompanying it, when he dashed into my apartment in his own free way, without notice or announcement; and, throwing himself into a *sedia d'appoggio*, began to indicate symptoms of boring; which, however, I cut short by two or three rapid queries, a plan which I have always found efficacious on similar occasions.

Darvell is one of those people who are brave only in the field, or so far as their persons are concerned. He wants what I think might be very well named *courage de la société*—a kind of civil bravery, which, as the world goes, is more generally useful in the concerns of life than the military. I saw at this moment that there was something on his mind which he wished to get rid of, but did not know how to set about the declaration.

"I shall require your assistance and advice," said he, hesitating, "in a very nice affair. By some means or another it has got about that I gave a promise of marriage to a person, (whom it would be most absurd for me to think of selecting as a partner for life); and I want now to break this affair of my marriage to her as delicately as possible."

"Indeed!" answered I; "then it appears, that *she* is one of the people who fancy that a promise was made?"

"Why," said Darvell, a little staggered, "there's no knowing what she may have taken into her head. We talked and walked together, and said a deal of nonsense between us—but promise!—no—I'm sure—no—I know I made no promise—'Gad!—these girls—there's no saying a word to them without a sharp look-out for man-traps. If you hand one of them out in preference to her mother, she sets it down as a plain intimation; and if you venture any thing in the shape of a compliment, you are set down at once for a good orderly husband, or a treacherous villain. No—no—I am sure nobody can say I was ever *particular*. There was no promise—could not be—[seeing me still motionless]—In fact, it would have been the most imprudent thing in the world on my part.—[Pause; and a glance, as if he expected a nod of assent, which was not forthcoming]—In short, I am determined to break off all such silly suppositions—and I hope you don't suppose—"

"Suppose?—Me?—I have no right to suppose any thing. I am sure—I dare say, it is all very proper."

"And if you did, it would be too late now; for I have signed and sealed."

"Has this young lady any natural protectors?" I asked.

A flush passed rapidly over Darvell's cheek, and the family estates and the family honours all gathered together upon his proud forehead, to build up a frown. "And if she had a legion," said he, "my conduct would be precisely the same as it *shall* be; except, perhaps, that it might not be marked by the same tenderness, and respect for the feelings, however unreasonably excited, of the girl."

"Then she has none?"

"She lives with her father."

"Well, I am sure you must be acting very honourably, and am ready to serve you as far as I can."

"Then step into my cab, and come with me to the spot. I am no great Nol Bluffe on these occasions, and require something more than right on my side to withstand the artillery of blue eyes in sorrow."

We drove away, and soon arrived at the place. As we pulled up at the little gate, a number of sunny faces presented themselves at the window, and disappeared again like a fluttered dove-cote at the sight of my friend, whom (I should have mentioned) they had seen nothing of for a considerable time. In an instant the door was opened, and two very young girls, with one (the lady in question) a little more staid and full formed, made their appearance, all beaming welcome from the prettiest lips and eyes in the world. There was a tenderness in Miss H——'s manner of greeting Darvell which led me to suspect very strongly, that his conduct to her had been more *particular* than he seemed willing to allow. She placed one hand in his, and laid the other on his shoulder, looking in his face with an expression which seemed to call for a more affectionate greeting on his part, than he would, under the circumstances, have been justified in using. Without seeming to notice the caress, he took her hand hurriedly from his shoulder, placed it under his arm, and led her quickly into the house.

On following him into the parlour, I found the father, an old, feeble, white-headed gentleman, who was unable to move from his chair to accost us, and seemed, indeed almost unconscious of the cause of our presence, even after, (during the absence of the family)—Darvell had gone into a long detail about the rumours afloat, and the circumstances of his new engagement.

"I dare say 'tis all very right, gentlemen," said the poor old man. "Helen is a good girl. I dare say you will do every thing that is proper, Mr. Darvell."

I glanced at Darvell in a manner that was intended for, and taken as, a reproach. He felt too much abashed to resent the action. He left the room, in order, as he said, to speak with the young lady herself. She was entering at the moment he reached the door; and he took her hand, and led her out—while she gazed with astonishment and concern on his countenance.

In a little time afterwards, I heard a low murmuring of voices in the next room; and, presently a quick pattering of feet running to and fro, as if some accident had taken place. What that accident was, I suspected, but never could sufficiently ascertain—for, in a very short time, Darvell re-entered the apartment, where I still sat. He took a hurried leave of the old man; and ran out of the house as if he thought it would have fallen about his ears.

As long as we remained within sight of the cottage, he observed a heavy silence. At length, when the last faint trace of the dwelling had faded in the distance, he turned round, and began to relieve his mind, "oppressed with too much thinking," by giving utterance to a number of detached and incoherent sentences:—

"I did not think," said he, "that it was possible I could ever cut so mean a figure in my own eyes as I did this minute.....What a sweet—quiet—peaceful blessed place that little cottage is!..... That girl is the most perfect being on the round earth.....Ah, my dear friend—how happy might I be, if.....Pish! what's o'clock? I sha'n't be in Leadenhall-street in time to pass muster.

"Yes," said I, ekeing out the apostrophe which he had left unfinished, "if you did not, like all sanguine and inexperienced men, prefer the hope of what most likely will never be, to the certainty of what is." It is strange—it is wonderful to what vile uses the noblest capabilities of our nature may return, when once this murderous ambition has shook her maddening dew upon our souls. Honour fades—virtue withers before it—peace dies—and hope itself is no longer felt as a healthy influence,—but a restless, feverish, and sickly affection, undermining our quiet, and throwing the changes of vexation and of discontent over every joy that fortune brings us,—until, at last, made wise by disappointment and suffering, we have nothing left for it but to be soberly miserable, upon the accomplishment of our own vain wishes.

Darvell was right in saying, that he cut a mean figure on the occasion; for I found since, that, after the first shock

was over, the lady not only abstained from all reproach or entreaty, but placed within his hands a packet of papers, (of what nature I don't pretend to say,) which he had the manliness and generosity to put into his breeches' pocket. He has, to be sure, gained considerably by his breach of faith, (for I cannot but think there was something of the kind in question.) He is now scorching beneath a Calcutta sun, with an ugly, ill-tempered, and *fat* (Bengal! think of that!) lady; and yet I scarcely can believe, that he is much happier than he might have been in this Highgate paradise, and in the love of the little beauty, who is now pining away the remnant of her still life among the

"Dingles and bushy dells of these wild woods."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

EMINENT LIARS.

I REVERENCE liars. I must not be understood as meaning those coiners and utterers of falsehoods, always petty whether great or small, which are intended either to injure other persons, or to serve themselves; those despicable creatures who invent lies, or pervert the truth, as a means to attain an end: all such I abandon to the contempt they deserve. Nor do I mean those peddling pettifogging, would-be liars, who only lie by halves, who falsify facts, or timidly set about embroidering a groundwork of truth with details of their own creating. No; the liars I allude to are the spirited emulators of the Mandevilles, the Pintos, and the Munch-Hausens, who tell you the lie, the whole lie, and nothing but the lie; and who lie, too, (I do not desire a softer term, for, though "familiar," yet, in the sense in which it is here applied, it is "by no means vulgar,") from no less noble an impulse than the pure, disinterested, honest, unadulterated love of lying. So profound is my veneration for that illustrious fraternity, that I cannot consent to honour with a niche in their temple even Gulliver himself. To say the truth, Gulliver was but a poor fellow after all. Indeed it never was seriously pretended that such a man as Gulliver did exist, or ever had existed. He was nothing more than a peg to hang a satire upon; the puny invention of a novelist. Gulliver was Swift, and Swift was Gulliver, and the history of his adventures was timidly

put forth as a mere fiction. For this reason the book called Gulliver (for Gulliver is but a book, and never was a man) must be degraded to the level of the Utopias, the Arcadias, and other flimsy books of the same ignoble kind. Had Jonathan Swift stood forward, as a gallant, gentlemanly liar (my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod, for instance) would have done, and roundly asserted that he himself, the identical Jonathan,—that he, in his own proper person, had visited a country called Lilliput, where he had held intercourse with a race of human beings of such diminutive proportion, that their very giants were scarcely six inches tall; had he pledged his own character for veracity on the positive occurrence to himself of all the adventures he tamely ascribes to a shadow, then had Jonathan Swift been deemed worthy of equal rank with those glorious liars whose names I have recorded. As it is, he has compromised his fame. He may be a fine writer, a keen satirist, a profound philosopher;—with so much reputation as those ordinary qualifications may acquire for him, let him rest satisfied; but—LIAR he is not.

I have mentioned Munch-Hausen. It is generally believed that Munch-Hausen is only a *nom de guerre*. Such, however, is not the fact. Baron Munch-Hausen was a Hanoverian nobleman, and even so lately as five and forty years ago he was alive and lying.* It is true, that the Travels published as his, though not by him, were intended as a satire or parody on the Travels of the famous Baron de Tott; but Munch-Hausen was really in the habit of relating the adventures, now sanctioned by the authority of his mendacious name, as having positively occurred to him; and from the frequency of the repetition of the same stories, without the slightest variation even in their most minute points, he at length believed the narratives he had himself invented, and delivered them with as much sang-froid as if they had described nothing but so many probable events. There was nothing of the *Fanfaron*, or braggart, in his manner; on the contrary, he was distinguished by the peculiar modesty of his

* The present paper is certainly admitted to be a suspicious medium for the conveyance of truth: nevertheless, the information concerning Baron Munch-Hausen is given under the positive belief of the writer that it is authentic. He received it from a Polish gentleman, one whose veracity has never been impeached, who assured him that when travelling many years ago through Hanover, he met with several persons who had been well acquainted with the hero, and that the name of Munch-Hausen was then, as it may be still, a by-word for any story partaking overmuch of the marvellous.

demeanour. When called upon, in company, as he invariably was, to relate some of the extraordinary adventures of his life, he would enter upon the subject with as much diffidence as a Wellington or a Nelson describing his own real achievements; till, gradually warming, he would become vehement, and endeavour to illustrate his descriptions by the most extravagant, yet, at the same time, the most expressive gestures and attitudes. He was a masterly liar, a great artist. It must be remarked, that in his wildest inventions there is nothing to shock the understanding; admit the cause, and the consequences follow naturally enough. He shoots a handful of cherry-stones into a stag's forehead! Allow the possibility of cherry-stones taking root in a stag's forehead, and there is nothing improbable in his finding, a few years afterwards, a cherry-tree sprouting from it. The cold, in a certain country where he is travelling, is so intense as to freeze the tunes a post-boy endeavours to play upon his horn. The horn is hung by the fire-side, and, as the tunes in it become thawed, they flow out audibly one after another. Admit the cause, I say, and there is nothing absurd in the consequence. Had he made a tree of emeralds and rubies to spring from his cherry-stones, or a band of musicians to start out of his horn, (as some of his awkward imitators would do,) he would not so long have maintained his enviable eminence as a consistent and credible liar, but have been confounded in the mass of inventors of nonsensical Rhodomontades.

But my main object in this paper is to rescue from oblivion a few of the mighty lies of one who, had he committed his sublime inventions to the press, instead of modestly employing them for the edification and delight of those private circles which he sometimes honoured with his presence, had eclipsed the whole galaxy of liars! But, alas! he is dead! Colonel Nimrod is dead! The day that witnessed the extinction of that lying luminary of the sporting world, was a day of rejoicing to all the birds in the air and all the fishes in the sea. Ah! securely may'st thou gambol now on yonder pleasant slope, thou noble stag, for Nimrod is no more! Spread out your glittering wings in peace, ye bright inhabitants of ether; and you, ye little fishes and ye great, sprats, shrimps, Leviathans, white-bait, whales, sport freely in your watery homes, for Nimrod is no more! Well might it be to them a day of jubilee when their unparalleled destroyer was destroyed; to me it was a day of lamentation and sorrowing. I knew him well. With what delight

have I listened to his astounding narratives, each sentence worth a whole volume of truth! and how impatiently have I, upon such occasions, turned from the captious lover of matter-of-fact who has petulantly whispered me, "Tis all a lie." And what then? The Faery Queen is a lie; the Midsummer-Night's Dream is a lie; and yet neither Spenser nor Shakspeare are stigmatized as liars. Why then should the epithet "lie," in its opprobrious and offensive sense, be applied to those extempore prose inventions of any reveller in the realms of Imagination, which, were they measured out by lines and syllables, and committed to paper, would be called Poems? All inventive poets are, in a certain sense, liars; and akin with poets are travellers into countries which never existed, seers of sights which have never been seen, doers of deeds which were never done; and such merely was Colonel Nimrod: he was an extempore prose poet. Such liars, I would say liars generally, are your only interesting tale-tellers; for nothing is so insipid as the bare truth; and the proof of this is, that we seldom meet with a true story worth telling. This may appear to be a startling opinion, but most people entertain it, and are often unconsciously led to express it. Of a hundred real adventures, ninety-nine are not worth relating; and the common eulogy bestowed on any real occurrence which happens to be somewhat out of the usual way, is, that it is as interesting as a romance; in other words, that that particular fact is as interesting as a fiction; or, to come at once to the point, that that true story is as interesting as if it were a lie.

But I am digressing from my purpose, which is simply to record two or three of the most exquisite of the many admirable lies I have heard delivered by my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod;* and, outrageous and extravagant as they will appear, I do most positively assert that I repeat them, as nearly as I can, in his own words. His manner of narrating those marvellous tales, of which he always was himself the hero, was perfectly easy and assured, and was calculated to impress his hearers with a conviction that, at least, he entertained not the slightest doubt of their truth. He seldom described his feats, or the accidents of his life, as subjects to be wondered at; they were casually noticed, as the turn of the conversation might afford occasion, and as mere

* It need scarcely be observed that the name of Nimrod is fictitious; but the person it represents was, for a very long period, a prominent character in the sporting world.

matters of every-day occurrence. If, indeed any one expressed a more than usual degree of astonishment, or exclaimed, "That's *rather* extraordinary, colonel!" his reply invariably was, "Extraordinary, sir! why I *know* it is extraordinary; but I'll take my oath that I am in all respects the most extraordinary man that God ever let live."

A BROKEN HEAD.—I was one day standing with him at his window, when a man was thrown from his horse. "There's a broken head for him, colonel," said I.—"I am the only man in Europe, sir," he replied, "that ever had a broken head—to live after it. I was hunting near my place in Yorkshire; my horse threw me, and I was pitched, head-foremost, upon a scythe which had been left upon the ground. When I was taken up my head was found to be literally cut in two, and was spread over my shoulders like a pair of epaulettes. *That* was a broken, head, if you please, sir."

NEW MODE OF EXECUTING A WRIT.—Something having occurred in conversation that led to the subject of arrests, he started up and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I have been arrested oftener than any man in England! Once under most atrocious circumstances. You must know that I was lodging at Steven's; my wife was with me. One morning, between seven and eight, while we were in bed, a bailiff came into the room. 'I understand your business, my good fellow,' said I; 'wait below, I'll get up and dress, and accompany you to my solicitor, who will do the needful.' By G—, gentlemen, he swore I should get up and go with him as I was. 'What! in my night-shirt!' said I. He insisted—I resisted; when the scoundrel went to the fire-place, drew out the poker which had been in the fire all night, and thrust it, red-hot as it was, into the bed between Mrs. N. and me. Mrs. N.—woman-like—the moment she felt the red-hot poker, jumped out of bed; not so, your humble servant. There I lay, and there stood the scoundrel poking at me; and there would I have remained, had not the bed-clothes taken fire. Now I did not choose to be burnt in my bed, nor would I endanger the safety of the house, in which there happened to be many lodgers at the time, so up I got and dressed myself—I resolved to carry *that* point, and I did. Now I put it to you, as men and gentlemen, did I compromise my honour by giving in at last? But observe, *twice* as I tell you—not till the bed took fire."

EXPEDITIOUS SHOOTING.—I once said to him, "You have the reputation of being an excellent shot, Colonel Nim-

rod!"—"Ay, sir; I shoot with a ramrod sometimes."—"Shoot with a ramrod!"—"Why, how the devil else would you shoot when you are in a hurry?"—"Really, I don't understand you."—"This is what I mean, sir—for instance: I was going out one fine morning at the latter end of October, when I saw the London mail changing horses—as it always did within a mile of my gates—when I suddenly recollected that I promised my friend F— a basket of game. Devil a trigger had I pulled—the coach was ready to start—what was to be done? I leaped over the hedge, fired off my ramrod, and may I be d—d if I didn't spit, as it were, four partridges and a brace of pheasants. Now I should be a liar, if I said I ever did the same thing twice—in point of *number*, I mean."

These specimens will serve to show to what perfection poor Nimrod had brought the art of lying. I could repeat another which he delivered whilst lying (in both senses of the word) on his death-bed, but that it might be misconstrued into the pure effect of delirium. For my own part I consider it as another illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death." That he believed his own stories, and expected they would be believed by his hearers, I am fully persuaded. I shall not attempt to trace the causes of this infirmity of mind; but wherever it exists in the same degree, I consider it as presenting a case for the consideration of the physician rather than of the moralist.

New Monthly Magazine.

LULLABY.

SLEEP, my lov'd girl—thy mother's breast
Shall be the pillow of thy rest;
Sleep, my lov'd girl—thy mother's knee,
And folding arms, shall cradle thee;
And she will lull thee with her song,
Thy gentle slumbers to prolong.

Thy sleep no fearful vision knows;
No cares disturb thy soft repose;
Thy guardian angel spreads his wings,
And dreams from heavenly regions brings;
O, who can tell how bright they be,
The heavenly dreams of infancy.

And, as I watch the beamy smile
That plays upon thy face the while,
I feel its influence to my heart,
A soft pervading peace impart;
Causing dull care with magic spell,
And whispering, "all will yet be well!"

O, all is well! the trusting soul
Sees the kind hand that rules the whole;
And, while such gifts from bounteous heaven
As thou, my lovely babe, art given,
The way, however dark and rude,
With much of ill, has much of good.

Robins's London and Dublin Magazine.

"O, ADAM!"

THE following story is current in Ireland, though not peculiarly Irish:—

A gentleman, riding along the road, passed by a *kuock*, (a field of furze,) in which a man was stubbing, and for every stroke he gave with his hoe he cried out in a reproachful tone, "O, Adam!" The gentleman stopped his horse, and calling the labourer to him, inquired the reason of his saying, "O, Adam?"—"Why, please your honour," said the man, "only for Adam, I would have no occasion to labour at all; had he and Eve been less curious, none of us need earn our bread by the sweat of our brow."—"Very good," said the gentleman; "call at my house to-morrow." The man waited on him the next day, and the gentleman took him into a splendid apartment, adjoining a most beautiful garden, and asked him, would he wish to live there? The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said the gentleman, "you shall want for nothing. Breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest viands, shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden whenever you please. But, mind, you are to enjoy all this only on one condition—that you look not under the pewter plate that lies on the table." The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought there was little fear of his forfeiting it, by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious to know what could be under the plate which he was prohibited from seeing. Perhaps a jewel of inestimable value, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep—there could be no harm in it—no one would know of it; and, accordingly, he raised the forbidden plate, when, lo! a little mouse jumped from under it; he quickly laid it down again, but his doom was sealed. "Begone to your hoeing," said the gentleman next day, "and cry O, Adam! no more, since, like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience."

Ibid.

Arts and Sciences.

EXPOSURE OF IRON ON THE SUMMIT OF MONTE ROSA.

IN an excursion, made by M. Zumstein and others, to the summit of Monte Rosa, in August, 1820, an iron cross was fixed upon it, and left there. M. Zumstein ascended the mountain again

in August, 1821, and, after considerable risks and labour, reached the summit, where he found the cross. It had not rusted in any degree, but had taken the colour of bronze. At the top of the mountain the barometer stood at 16.35 inches, and water boiled at 185.8 degrees; the temperature of the air twenty-one degrees. The height of the summit was estimated at 14,086 feet.

ON THE CAUSE OF THE FRACTURE OF LAMP GLASSES.

THE glass chimneys which are now in such extensive use, not only for oil lamps, but also for the burners of oil and coal gas very frequently break, and not only expose to danger those who are near them, but occasion much expense and inconvenience, particularly to those who are resident in the country. The bursting of these glasses very often arises from knots in the glass, where it is less perfectly annealed; and also from an inequality of thickness at their lower end, which prevents them expanding uniformly by heat. The best method of detecting the knots is to examine the glasses by polarized light, and reject those that exhibit at the knots the depolarized tints. M. Cadet de Vaux informs us, that the evil arising from inequality of thickness may be cured by making a cut with a diamond in the bottom of the tube; and he remarks, that in establishments where six lamps are lighted every day, and where this precaution was taken, there was not a single glass broken for nine years.

ARTIFICIAL COLD.

BRUGNATELLI informs us, that spirit of wine, ether, &c., mixed in certain proportions with snow, afford temperatures as low as those produced by mixing sea-salt with snow.

COMPOSITION FOR COVERING GRAFTS.

AN excellent composition for covering newly grafted scions is formed of rosin and train oil, in the following manner:—Let a portion of rosin be melted in an earthen vessel, and then add to it an equal quantity of train oil, and mix them well. When the composition is cold, it may be applied with a painter's brush. It has the advantage of being much neater than the usual covering of clay, and it neither cracks nor admits moisture, and the grafts seldom fail. It is used in the north-west part of France with great success.

Miscellaneous.

SINGULAR RELATION AND COINCIDENCE.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the family of the writer lately lived a Welshwoman, who used to relate the following singular tale:—

"When I was quite a girl, after having been out at service for a little while, I obtained leave to visit my parents in North Wales. On my arrival at home, they told me that a certain notoriously wicked man, a neighbour of ours, had just died, and a few hours previous to his departure, awaking in great terror from sleep, declared this had been his dream:—'I thought,' said he, 'that a gentleman came to me, and offered, if I were willing to go with him, to show me the place of eternal torment. I consented to accompany him, and he accordingly led me a long, very long way, till we arrived at an exceedingly beautiful place, and he told me *this* was hell. I answered, that I thought it impossible, as I had always imagined *that* dreadful place to be dark and horrible and full of fire. Nevertheless, he replied, my words are certainly true; and he then left me to walk about. I met many persons, all silent, and seemingly unhappy, and all had their hands close laid upon their breasts, at which I much wondered. At last I took courage to ask one of these people if this beautiful place were *really* that of everlasting misery? It is *indeed*, said he, but not what you behold around you. No—this, *this* is the unutterable and eternal torment of which you have heard. So saying, he took his hands from his bosom; it was transparent like glass, and I saw his heart in flames through it. He told me, in agony and despair, that it burnt for ever, and went his way. My guide now joined me, and having asked if I was satisfied, we quitted the accursed place, and I awoke."

Such was the dream as related by our Welsh servant; such, *exactly*, is Mr. Beckford's inimitable idea of eternal anguish in his admirable "History of the Caliph Vathek." The unfortunate beings deluded by the Dives and wicked Genii, are, in the subterraneous palace of fire, (where Eblis sits on a red-hot globe as king,) tortured with the heart-burning eternally, and are represented as walking about in silent agony, each carrying his right hand upon his breast, for ever!

This allows us to inquire, had Mr. Beckford heard of this dream before he wrote his romance? or is it one of those

strange coincidences which are ever occurring, but for which there is no accounting? In conclusion, if I may be allowed to deviate a little from my subject, I would observe, that the celebrated Christian poets who have permitted their imaginations to revel in the terrors and horrors of the infernal world, are Dante, Milton, and Klopstock; but terrific as the ideas of these fine writers are upon this subject, perhaps the palm for the best image of eternal torture is due to Southey. In "The Curse of Kehama," he who seizes on the arwreeta, or cup of immortality, to procure which he has committed unheard-of crimes, instead of partaking of the beatification it confers upon the good, is, immediately after drinking from it, transmuted into a being of fire, like unto a statue of red-hot iron, and, in this state, helps, with three others in like situation, to support the throne of Eblis for ever!

M. L. B.

BREAD.

IT is singular, that though bread is the most simple article of diet, and that on which the human race has most subsisted, yet very little is known of its history, and that little only shows that but small improvement has been made during the lapse of ages in preparing this essential article of food. The *graddened* corn still in use in the Highlands, which is corn burnt out of the ear instead of being thrashed, is probably the same as the *parched* corn which Boaz presented to Ruth; and an ephah of which Jesse sent, by David, to his sons who were in the camp of Saul. The barley bread which is now generally eaten by the peasantry in Cumberland, differs but little, it is probable, from those *five barley loaves* of which our blessed Lord himself partook, with no other addition than a piece of broiled fish. And in what does the *cake baked on the coals*, which Elijah found under the juniper-tree in the wilderness, appear to differ from the cakes of Scotland, or bannocks, excepting that it was miraculously provided?

Different ages and countries, however, do afford some variety of information as to this article. The Scotch have immemorially been famous for the use of oat-flour in the composition of their bread or cakes, as appears from various passages in old writers. Moryson, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, tells us, "they vulgarly ate hearth-cakes of oats; but in cities have also wheat bread, which for the most part was bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens;" and adds, "they, (the Scotch,) when

going to war, carye with them none other purveiance, but on their horse, betwene the saddell and the pannell, they trusse a broade plate of metall, and behynde the saddell they will have a lytell sacke full of otemel, to the entent, that when they have eaten of the sodden fleshe, than they lay this plate in the fire, and tempre a lytel of the otemell, and when the plate is hote, they caste of the thyn paste thereon, and to make a lytel cake in maner of a crackanel, or byskot, and that they eate to comfort witholl theire stomacks."

In different parts of Scotland the bread varies from the kind here mentioned, resembling that of England, but under other names. Thus—in Aberdeenshire and some of the southern parts, a round, small, thin crimp biscuit is called a *bunn*; in Morayshire, a large round loaf, made of wheaten flour, goes by the same name, which it derives from its form, rather than size or quality; *bonn*, in the Gaelic language, signifying a round piece of any kind. The same are in other places called *cob-loaves*. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax calls *Thersites* "a cob-loaf!" On which Stevens remarks, that "a crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf is, in some counties, called by that name."

Busbequius mentions the baking of bread under the coals by the women of Bulgaria, in Turkey, as a usual practice of his time; and the same sort appears from a dialogue of Lucian's to have been in use among the Greeks. Speaking of Empedocles, who was burnt to death in Mount *Ætna*, he says, "full of ashes, like bread baked under the coals."

Indeed, in the East particularly, the Scripture fashion of preparing this article of life still exists in nearly if not entirely the same way we read of in Holy Writ. Dr. Shaw asserts the Asiatics to be great bread eaters, three out of four living entirely upon it, or else upon such compositions as are made of barley or wheat flour; and says frequent mention is made in the Bible of this simple diet, where the flesh of animals (though sometimes, indeed, it may be included in the eating of bread, or making a meal) is not often recorded. They knead the dough, make it into thin cakes, and either bake it immediately upon the coals, or else in a *tagen* or shallow earthen vessel like a frying-pan. Such were the *unleavened cakes* which Sarah made quickly upon the hearth.

The loaves found at Herculaneum were marked with a cross, or radii, like our *cross-buns*, for the purpose of being more easily broken and divided. A loaf found at Pompeii is eight inches in diameter, and is inscribed *Sigillo Canii E. Cicer*. *Sigillo* and *Cicer* are presumed to denote

the kinds of flour, Canius to be the baker's name.

The classical ancients had a great many kinds—as, the *Panis Astrologicus*, a sort of pastry, wafers, cakes, &c.; *Panis Astropicus*, made for delicate people, and baked in a pan; *Panis Athletarum*, without leaven, heavy, kneaded with soft cheese; *Panis Militaris*, made by the soldiers from the corn ground in their hand-mills, badly made, and baked under ashes; *Panis Sordidus*, the worst, given to dogs; and several others.

The bread of the middle ages was also of various sorts, viz. bread highly fermented, the *Gesorid* of Alfric—*Panis Alexandrium*, biscuit; *Panis Asper*, a kind of brown bread, used by tradesmen, who had also brown-bread, barley-bread, or rye with peas. They had also oaten-bread; brown or black bread, with the bran remaining; alms bread; *Panis Herbaticus*, bread made of a herb, which, after drying, was used for loaf; breakfast bread; spice bread, &c.

The bread of the Anglo-Saxons was mostly bakco before the fire. In the reign of the Norman kings, it was made like a twelfth-cake, and carried about in carts, or abroad, at least, in form of bowls and baskets. In a royal mandate, dated 46 Hen. III., it is commanded that bakers do not impress their bread, intended for sale, with the sign of the Cross, Agnus Dei, or Jesus Christ. We had, in these ancient times, three especial sorts of *symnel*, particularly fine, in the form of a cup or small porringer; in some places hard, like biscuit, for sops, &c.; *wassel*, the finest sort of common bread; and *cocket*, a secondary sort, made of a flour cheaper than that of *wassel* bread, was anciently marked with its weight, and sometimes made crusty in a frying-pan.

Harrison, in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the principal bread then in use in England as of three sorts—*manchet*, *cheat*, and *ravell* bread. "Our good workmen," he says, "deliver commonly such proportion, that of the flour of one bushel with another, they make 40 cast of *manchet*, of which every loaf weigheth eight ounces into the oven, and six out. The second is, the *cheat*, or wheaten bread, so named because the colour thereof resembleth the grain and yellowish wheat, being clean and well dressed; and out of this is the coarsest of the bran (usually called gurgeons, or pollard) taken. The *ravelled* is a kind of cheat bread also, but it retaineth more of the grosse, and lesse of the pure substance of the wheat; and this, being more sleightlie wrought up, is used in the halles of the nobilitie and gentrie only; whereas the other is, or

should be, baked in good cities and towns, of an appointed size, (according to such price as the corn doth bear,) and by a statute provided by King John in that behalf."—The following account, which he afterwards adds, presents a picture, not very gratifying, of the mean and scanty fare of the labouring classes in those days :

"The bread throughout the land is made of such graine as the soile yeeldeth; nevertheless the gentilitie commonlie provide themselves sufficientlie of wheate for their owne tables, whilst their household and poore neighbours in some shires are enforced to content themselves with rie or barlie; yea, and in time of dearth, manie with bread made either of beanes, peasen, or otes, or of altogether, and some acorns among; of which scourge the poorest doe soonest taste, sith they are least able to provide themselves with better, and I will not saie that this extremitie is oft so well to be scene in time of plentie as of dearth; but if I should, I could easilie bring my trial." He concludes thus:—"The artificer and labourer are driven to content themselves with horse-corn, beanes, peasen, otes, tares, and lintels." This was nearly as bad as the peasants of Norway, who in times of scarcity mix the bark of trees, usually the fir-tree, with their oatmeal; they dry this bark before the fire, grind it to powder, mix it with some oatmeal, then bake it, and eat it like bread; it is bitterish, and affords but little nourishment.

BREAD FOR HORSES.—Baked bread, known by the name of *horse-bread*, was the common food of horses in the time of James the First, instead of oats and other grain. Peas were likewise given in food. In "Nares" we have the receipt for making horse-bread. The loaves were very large.

BREAD AND BUTTER, &c. superseded "Kychin Grosse," or dripping, for breakfast, between the reigns of Edward IV. and Elizabeth. Bread and Cheese is mentioned as a common viand by Dio- genes Laertius.

THE DELUGE.

THE tradition of a deluge has been preserved by the Sandwich islanders. The story told is this:—That a certain man, many thousand moons ago, was fishing in the sea, and by some curious fatality, caught the spirit of the waters upon his hook, and dragged him, to his great astonishment, out of the briny element. The consequences of this rash act were destructive to the whole country, the spirit having declared in his anger that he would cause a general deluge; yet in pity to the

unintentional author of the misfortune, he allowed him to escape with his wife to the summit of Mounah-roah, the mountain in Owhyhee, where he remained till after the deluge had subsided, and was thus preserved.

THE SALMON.

A CURIOUS mode of taking this fish, called *salmon-hunting*, (as practised at Whitehaven,) is mentioned by Mr. Bingley. When the tide recedes, what fish are left in the shallows are discovered by the agitation of the water. The hunter, with a three-pointed barbed spear, fixed to a shaft fifteen feet long, plunges into these pools at a trot, up to the belly of his horse. He makes ready his spear, and, when he overtakes the salmon, strikes the fish with almost unerring aim; that done, by a turn of the hand, he raises the salmon to the surface, wheels his horse towards the shore, and runs the fish on dry land without dismounting. From forty to fifty fish have been killed in a day; ten are, however, no despicable booty.

SINGULAR MODE OF REVENGE.

FATHER CATROU relates that a very strange use was once made of artillery by a princess Cande, whose capital, Amadanagar, the emperor Akbar had laid siege to:—"Akbar was detained more than two months at the foot of her ramparts: obliged at last to yield to the perseverance of the besiegers, she conceived a singular mode of taking revenge on her enemy. All the gold and silver of which she was possessed the princess caused to be melted and made into bullets, on which were engraved in the characters of the country words expressive of malediction against the usurper. With these some culverins were loaded, capable of carrying ball to the distance of a league, and the bullets were fired into the copses and lesser woods by which the place is on every side environed. The princess at last capitulated, after having scattered all the riches of which she purposed to disappoint the conqueror. Some of these bullets of gold and silver are occasionally found, even at the present day, in the vicinity of Amadanagar. It is but a short time since that a peasant discovered one of gold, weighing eight pounds. It was seen by M. Manouchy, who was much gratified with reading the inscription."—*History of the Mogul Dynasty*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other
man's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH.

If drugs and physic could but save
Us mortals from the dreary grave,
'Tis known that I took full enough
Of the apothecary's staff.
To have prolonged life's busy least
To a full century at least;
But spite of all the doctor's skill,
Of daily draught and nightly pill,
Reader, as sure as you're alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five.

IN PROPRIA PERSONA.

A FARMER recently received a polite
note from a neighbour, (whose children
were going on a visit a short distance,)
requesting the loan of an ass, for a few
days. Being unable to decipher his
friend's hieroglyphics, and wishing to
conceal his ignorance from the servant,
the farmer hastily returned for answer—
"Very well; tell your master I'll wait
upon him myself presently."

A TIT BIT.

MUNDEN, it is said, was once at a
dinner party placed behind a haunch of
venison, and requested to carve it.
"Really, gentlemen," said he, "I do
declare I know very little about table
anatomy; I dare say now there's some
particular cut in a haunch—some favourite
bon morceau—I dare say there is—
but I assure you I am quite ignorant
where to prick for it." A dozen knives
instantly started from the cloth, and
Munden was instructed where the rich
meat lay. Joe uttered a whole string of
thanks, worked out the prime slice,
loaded it with rich sauce and jelly, and
then, with his plate in his hand, looked
through his glasses round the table.
Every mouth watered—every hand was
ready—every tooth prepared. "Really,
gentlemen," said the comedian, "I wish
I could please you all; but d—n it, if I
give the tit-bit to one I shall offend the
rest; so egad," added he, pushing the
dish from him, "I'll keep it myself, and
let every gentleman help himself to what
he likes best."

ON A GOOD WIFE.

(Written by her Husband.)

HERE lies my poor wife, much lamented,
She's happy, and I'm contented.

EPIGRAM.

HE who talks much, so says the ancient
rule,

Must often babble like an empty fool.—
"I speak but little," shallow Buffo cries:
In that, no doubt, the world would
call him wise."

At the period of Wilkes' popularity,
every wall bore his name, and every
window his portrait, in china, in bronze,
or in marble; he stood upon the chim-
ney-piece of half the houses of the me-
tropolis; he swung upon the sign-post
of every village, and of every great road
throughout the country. He used him-
self to tell, with much glee, of a mo-
narchial old lady, behind whom he ac-
cidentally walked—looking up, she mur-
mured within his hearing, in much
spleen, "he swings every where, but
where he ought!" Wilkes passed her,
and turning round, politely bowed.

FERINTOSH WHISKEY.

THE word Ferintosh signifies Thane's
land, it having been part of the Thane-
dom of Cawdor, (Macbeth's) or Calder.

The barony of Ferintosh belonged to
the Forbes's of Culloden, and contained
about 1,600 arable acres. All barley
produced on this estate was privileged to
be converted into whiskey, duty free;
the natural consequence of which was,
that more whiskey was distilled in Ferin-
tosh than in all the rest of Scotland. In
1784, government made a sort of com-
pulsory purchase of this privilege from
the Culloden family, after they had en-
joyed it a complete century. The sum
paid was £21,500.

HEATHS AND ROSES.

It is tolerably well ascertained, that the
two Americas do not produce a single
heath, nor the southern hemisphere a rose.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

With the present Number of the *Mirror* is
published a *Supplement*, containing Recol-
lections, Anecdotes, and a Memoir of his late Royal
Highness the Duke of York, by Sir Walter Scott,
ample details of the ceremonial of lying in state,
and an illustrative engraving.

We cannot reply to Mr. *Stahlschmidt's* polite
note, for, in truth, we know nothing of the mat-
ter referred to. We regret, however, to say,
the correction cannot be made in the present
copies of the engraving. Mr. S. had better
communicate with Mr. M. without delay.

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